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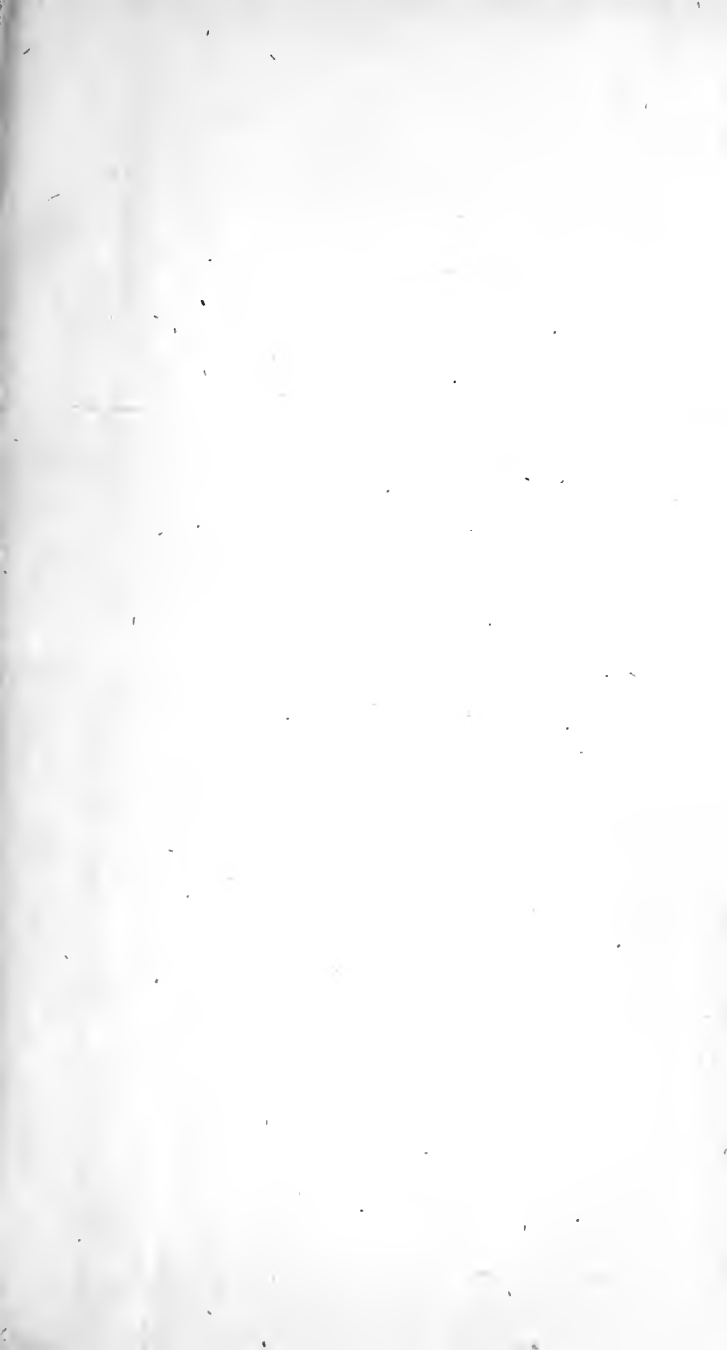
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From the Author

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

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FOURTH EPISTLE

TO

A FRIEND IN TOWN,

AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq.

May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you hear
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,
Become a concert of good instruments:
While twenty babbling echoes round about
Out of the stony concave of their mouths
Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

LINGUA.—OLD PLAY.

JOHN MERRIDEW,
WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.

MDCCCXXX.

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TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

THE golden morn of youth is gone, and man
Reaches his noon of life without a plan :

As snow falls softly on the mountain's height,

Time passes by : 'tis scarcely eve, 'tis night :

Though whispers oft the still small voice within,

To waste, or misapply thy time, is sin.

B

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Yet it is pleasant here to gaze away
In sweet forgetfulness of cares the day,
The long long summer's day; while flowers
 exhale
Their fragrance borne along the western gale, 10
That o'er our Avon's bosom gently breathes,
Till in the sun her "crisped smiles" she
 wreathes; (a)
Or glory in that sun, till thought elate
Would o'er the horizon round its orb dilate;
Or trace resemblance to that monarch proud
Of Alps, Mont Blanc, in some high-towering
 cloud;
Or wander lonely through the solemn grove
With every feeling hush'd, save that of love,

Love of a Being who is evermore

All that a grateful spirit must adore ! 20

As clouds along the stream in varied hues

Their lovely shadows rapidly diffuse ;

So o'er life's current changeful Fancy glides,

In shapes as fleet and beautiful besides.

All the fine plans thy subtle mind hath
spun

Melt into air, like mists before the sun ;

Yet why regret ? substantial systems wrought

By heads of statesmen crumble into nought.

The wings of time, through oft repeated
shocks,

Beat down opinions strong as granite rocks ; 30

Senates have sanction'd schemes they now
deride ;

How mortifying this to human pride !

Bacon has said, then take it in my rhyme,
The slaves of custom are the sport of time ;
How, as they strive to check his onward course,
He whirls them round with a resistless force !
While knowledge, strong as is the ocean's tide,
Scatters opposing errors far and wide :
Sweeping away the veil that time has thrown
O'er old opinions all must soon disown. 40
Though knowledge be progressive, mystery
shrouds

The glowing sons of fancy in her clouds ;

So brilliant they divert aspiring youth
From following sober lights hung out by truth.
But ah ! from them involved within the mass
Too soon away the brilliant colours pass.

Mystical poetry with wond'rous art
Entwines itself around the enthusiast's heart.
Alastor gathers images remote
From human use, as stimulants to thought. 50
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems,
His world appears impalpable as dreams.
Vague phantoms take the place of living forms,
And torturing doubt a noble mind deforms.
How can a soul which matter clogs, discern
Abstraction's shadowy tribe ? their nature learn ?

Awhile they rush before our mental sight
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night !
We shape our projects from a chaos wild
Of dreams that ought not to delude a child ; 60
Then as our air-built phantasies deceive
Hopes that are nursed in spite of reason—
grieve.

Imagination is to mortals given,
That they might sometimes catch a glimpse of
heaven,
But not to be an erring guide, at strife
With all the sober principles of life :
To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band.

Yet what are all the pleasures as we pass
Through life, that cheer our pilgrimage, alas ? 70

A ballet at the Opera it seems, (b)
Is what a poet fancies when he dreams ;
Oh what a world of poesy is there !
What delicate spirits people earth and air !
Angels of light, too fine for Man's embrace—
They are, if Angels, then a *fallen* race.
What are these beings of ethereal mould
By whom the "Muses' tales are truly told?"
Young Claudius knows, whose heart such beauty
warms,
That these all-glorious sprites have venal
charms.

But Freedom here can show a nobler prize
Than loveliest nymph, if Claudius will be wise;
Fortune and birth, be he but blest with sense,
Will give him more than labour'd eloquence!
What though deficient he in Grattan's fire,
Canning's fine irony, Grey's nobler ire,
Let him but heed the People's genuine voice,
Their boundless love will make his heart rejoice.
Soon will he thank his God that gratitude
Can warm a peasant's heart however rude! 90

Metella, Fashion's most prevailing star,
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car;
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse?

A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness

Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.

Shall then the Day-God's flower that flaunting
shows

Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose?

Oh, no ! Metella's splendour far outshines

Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of
mines. 100

That unbought grace of life, Taste, waves her
wand [in and.

Through her saloon—Gold cannot taste com-

Though timid Cocknies scorn (a nerveless
race) (c)

That life of life, the madness of the chase :

The draw, the find, the soul-exciting burst,
The burning emulation to be first;
These *are* delights; but sports must loose their
zest,

When days are blank, and spirits are deprest.

Lucilius, burden'd with superfluous coin,
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join, 110
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.
How true the proverb, "Cobwebs that enfold
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold."
Wondering that men can thus their money
lose ;—

Sons of *virtù*, a better part you choose.

Some book, it matters not in prose or

rhyme, (d)

[tyme”

You buy,—we’ll call it “Pleasure’s rare Passe-

Or drag some dusty picture to the day,—

Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to

pay :

120

The picture, you remove the sacred dust,

Had better in its former station rust;—

The book, how vast your agony of grief!

More precious than the Sibyl’s, wants a leaf!

Tullius, whose well-stored library’s a hive

Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give, .

Is but a drone : from book to book he flies ;

Tastes all, contributes nothing,—useless dies.

Where to support the poor, Bazaars are graced
With high-born dames behind the counter
placed: 130

Fair Seraphina studiously displays
Her pretty wares for charity, or praise.
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract
Attention; here a novel, there a tract:
These works her varied inclinations paint;
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint!

This sickly feeling, that can never thrive,
Unless by Pleasure's aid 'tis kept alive—
Call you *this* Charity, that He approves
Who knows the spring that every action
moves? 140

This charity, that's borne, as Angels sing
To God's eternal mount, on Seraph's wing?

Though Nature in her noblest mood has
made

Sydney in camps, and Howard in the shade,

Moral phænomena! as rare, I fear,

As an Iago, or Sir Giles, are here:

Benevolence, pure element of good,

Is dash'd with grosser matter in our blood.

Orfellus gives you feasts, to glut his pride:

You ask a loan of him, he turns aside. 150

While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,

Yet from the dearest friend withholds his
purse.—

Fame cries that Appius, generous wight, but
lives,

To bless his neighbour : all he has he gives.
Though in subscriptions be his name enroll'd,
His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold :
No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth,
Consecrates alms that trumpet forth his wealth.

Cæsus for unimagined pleasure pants ;
His very pain is that he nothing wants : 160
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.

'Tis the pursuit that cheers us ; when attain'd,
The object is as speedily disdain'd ;

Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,
Cræsus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.

Crassus, rich child of dulness lives among
High orators and mighty sons of song :
Admitted to the table of the Gods, he's hit,
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of
wit. 170

Strange are the qualities in Man commixt !
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt !
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen
In public actions, be in private mean ?
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave
A Hell for sinners, and become a knave ?

How the arch-tempter loves within his toils
To catch reluctant dragons ! they *are* spoils.
The same imaginary sorrows vex
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex ; 180
Go to the Court, what characters are there ?
The same by Pope described, or La Bruyère.

Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal
Resumes his labours for the common weal ;
Neglects his fine estate, with study pale
O'erworks his brains, and what does this avail ?
The dullest idler may in public speak
Better than him — our Patriot's nerves are
weak.

Ascanius for his trade to honest dives
Into the depths of policy, and strives 190
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be
What never with his nature can agree.
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's
school,
To see through those whom selfish passions rule;
Too sensitive to bear against the blast
Of faction till its rage be overpast.

Each flying shade, each transient light will
throw

Young Flaccus into fits of joy or woe.—

The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake
His frame, until his heart-strings almost break.

If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,
The mind disjointed from its purpose swerves.

Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd
Publius; the harrass'd sons of freedom cheer'd.
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd.
Struggling 'gainst tyranny's recurring wave
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save;
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed
Power from attempting schemes that cunning
framed,)

210

With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.

As falls the mighty column in its pride,
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and
died.

Perish'd a statesman as erect and great,
As from its watch-tower e're o'erlook'd the
state.

Political Economy ! how few (e)
Through thy strange labyrinth can find a
clue;
Soon as he enters it the Tyro's lost,
On every side by turns of "value" crost. 220
Then let Ricardo, mighty guide, direct
His steps, let Malthus shout each different
sect.

Dear is our country to us, *dear* our law,
As perfect as a gem without a flaw :
Were he alive the dicast-lashing bard,
Whose wit is brilliant, though 'tis somewhat
hard,
Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe (f)
At virtuous England's fee-receiving tribe ?
While Justice with her well-poised balance
stands, [hands. 230
The weights pass slowly through a thousand
Since some there are who, menaced with a
jail
Invent, by conscience unappall'd, a tale ;
Who join a company whose traffic lies
In certain wares, that men call perjuries ;

Who live begirt by knaves from day to day
On alms supplied them by the law's delay.

Invention comes, unfolding every hour,
Of steam the almost preternatural power.
What cannot mind achieve whose magic skill
Rules this reluctant element at will? 240
It may perchance some mightier power create,
That now in depths of night its^d fiat wait.
Improvement points to paths yet unexplored,
Where realms of science richest spoils afford.

Hundreds, where one but formerly essay'd,
Attempt through learning's deepest paths to
wade :

Fame's temple with her thousand portals still
Is placed on high ; but all ascend the hill.

Ye few secure yon heights above to keep
Your stations now—is this a time to sleep ? 250

The mild interpreter of Nature now

Had been a Faustus centuries ago, (g)

Nor God, nor Dæmon scarcely prized, no
more,

He adds his mite unto the common store,

The gain of patient thought ; meanwhile en-
crease

Through mutual intercourse the gifts of peace.

Commerce, the nurse of Freedom, rears afar

Her flag triumphant o'er wide-wasting war.

Though prejudice still struggles to maintain
Her long ascendancy, she strives in vain. 260

The "Georgics of the mind," so widely
spread

Is knowledge, make the rudest hind well-bred.

Beggars in metaphor your alms entreat,

And low born knaves like Gentlemen can cheat.

Milkmaids write flowing lines on purling rills,

And Owen's happy children dance quadrilles.

Some master minds there are, that still excel

The rest, as Davy's vast discoveries tell;

Unrivalled in his art, with what success,

He bore the Torch through Chemistry's recess!
270

From age to age his deep research shall wake
Some genius slumbering else on Lethe's lake,
Whose talents in a moment may, by chance,
For years the knowledge of his art advance.

The sun of science with its noonday blaze
Glorious would strike our Bacon with amaze,
Were he again revisiting this earth
To view its progress, as he hail'd its birth.

But genius came all-perfect from above,
As sprung Minerva from the head of Jove, 280
Play'd in bold lightnings o'er the Theban's
lyre,
And shone round Homer's head a crown of fire:

Fresh as their air, and brilliant as their sky,
Flow'd on the deep stream of their Poesy.
In lovely Greece, while yet the world was
young,

Pregnant with intellect such Poets sung ;
In that fair clime, by subtle Taste refined
Came forth the rich creations of the mind.
Beauty and wit, bright idols of the crowd,
Beneath a veil of allegory glow'd. 290

Are not our Bards of olden times confest
By all to be more potent than the rest ?

Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to
call (h)

Thee, Moralist, Bard, Sage, or all in all ;

May I approach thy intellectual throne,
While now all spirits are to thee as known
As once on earth mankind, and bow the knee,
Thou Idol of an English heart, to thee.
Compared with thine, the noblest dramas fraught
With genius, are but rudiments of thought ; 300
And images the bard profusely pours,
As if he never could exhaust his stores,
On every glowing verse, but give the change
Of a few fancies circumscribed in range.
Invention's unborn sons might yet produce
Works, bending Nature's will to human use ;
Another Watt may bless mankind ; but when
Shall Shakspeare's inspiration live 'again ?

Shakspeare, the glorious morning-star that
cheer'd

Our dawn of literature, has disappear'd ; 310

What light has since uprisen to adorn

The noon, as that illumed the purple morn ?

One like a meteor (i) (Nations gazed, admired,)

Rush'd on our sight, blazed momentarily, expired.

Its radiance, flashing on thy memory, warms

Thee still ; in dreams its noble aspect charms.

The rage for all that's marvellous and new

Pervades the crowd, a love of truth but few.

With Shakspeare, and the Northern Seer con-

tent

Why heed we what inferior minds invent ? 320

Far as our language spreads, from clime to
clime,

Is Shakspeare's muse upborne on wings of time :
Thousands unborn her glorious flight shall
hail :—

Nature is ever felt though customs fail.

Now Authors come at fashion's call in haste
To please with varied food the public taste.
Well ! they are idols of the day, and have
All that they want—what's fame beyond the
grave ?

An unsubstantial glare that flickers o'er
Ambition's dangerous eminence, no more— 330

Let Milton wait posterity's award,

'Tis present gain that charms the modern
bard.

A bard triumphant, disregarding facts,
Some known event from History's page ex-
tracts :

Drawn from a Poem that just praise hath won,
The tale is through a lengthen'd novel spun ;
Here fiction o'er a *wider* surface blends
Itself with truth, and common sense offends.

Are not the Novelists whose bright renown
Blazed through all Italy—now scarcely known ?

Except Boccacio ; (He who reads *must* smile
At his fine wit, and love his perfect style.)
And yet the gems that from inventions mine
They drew, than ours more beautifully shine.

A tale of real life by fashion wove,
Each has its season, high and low approve.
Another follows, incidents surprise—
And scenes of woe with tears fill loveliest
eyes.

As a high crested wave o'ertops the rest,
Then foaming breaks on Ocean's heaving
breast ;

Thus towers awhile, his Brother-Bards among,
Some mightier Poet, how sublime in song !
Till, on the wide expanse of ages cast,
He's caught within oblivion's gulph at last !

Since thoughts successive in another sphere,
Excel those of our brightest moments here ;
Why should *he* seek distinction, which acquired,
He may hereafter scorn, though now desired !
Unless the master-spirits of this earth
Then relatively greater shall shine forth. 360

How oft in bygone days we loved to quote
Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote ;

Or that sweet lay, in which while he adored
“Mary in Heaven,” poor Burns his soul out-
pour’d ;

To snatch, can words the depth or breadth
express

Of Wordsworth? ’raptured with their loveliness,
The pearls of wisdom, that, beneath his stream
Of poetry, as pure as Derwent’s, gleam.

Oh these are Poets we may call divine ;
Like Angels standing in the Sun, they shine. 370
Point out to us exultingly the way
That leads to Truth’s abode as bright as day.
They give the freshest hue to every flower
Year after year ; they waken thoughts that
tower

Above our sordid schemes on earth ; they blend
Emotions here, with those which heavenward
tend.

My we, once having past death's confines, see
In their own orbs the great, the good, the
free :

That "old man eloquent" (1) whose mind was
stored [380

With ancient, modern lore, a boundless hoard !
Whose genius e'en o'er common subjects threw
Embroidery of language ever new !

Newton ! La Place ! what mind can compre-
hend [ascend !

The worlds through which all-seeing they

While to their gaze as crystal mirrors clear,
The wonders of the Universe appear.

As knowledge burns within them, on their sight
In full perspective burst the realms of light,
One blaze, no momentary cloud obscures,
Such as the eye of mind alone endures! 390

From strength to strength, unclogg'd by
grosser sense,
Progressive grows each fine intelligence.
The shades of mystery vanishing, at last
All harmonize—the present—future—past—
Like interchange of sunbeams, thought with
thought [sought :
Has quick communion,—wisdom comes un-

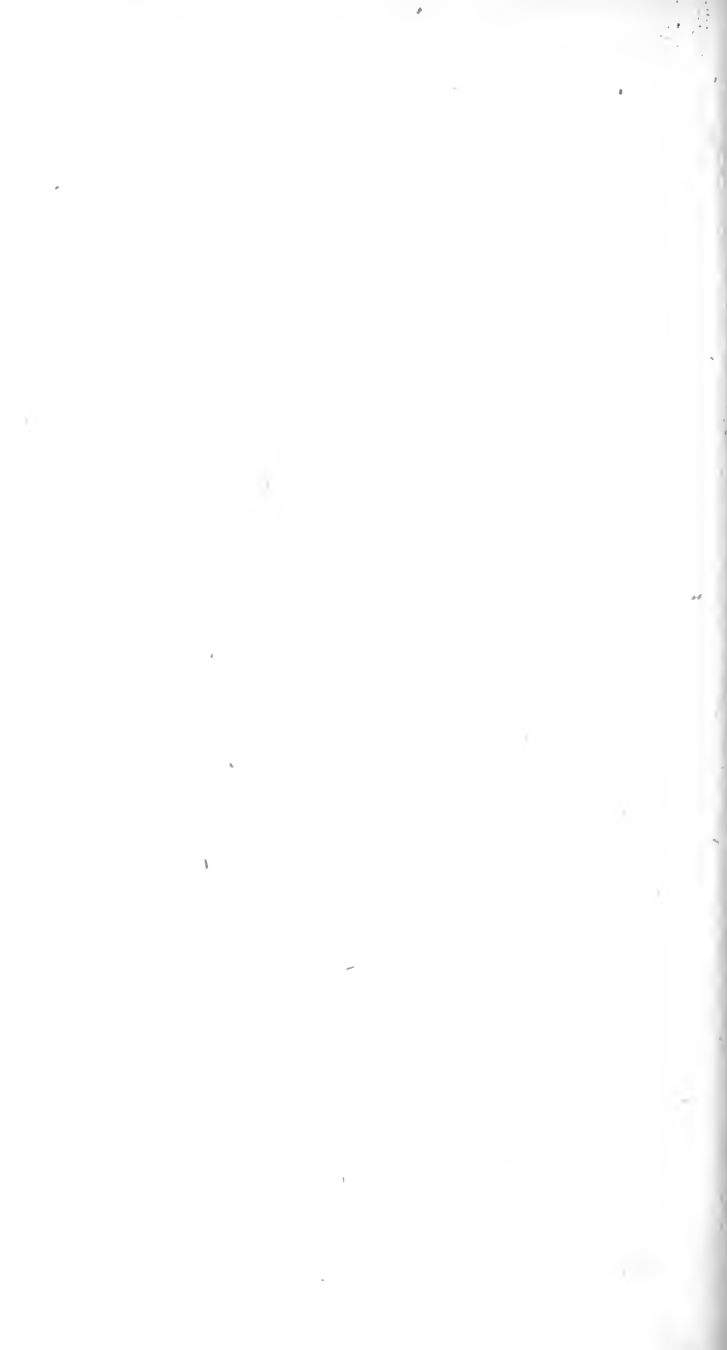
And mind with all the sciences instinct
That rainbow-like are blended yet distinct,
With mind converses ; envy never throws
One shadow there where Love's pure effluence
flows. 400

Oh what ineffable delight above,
To know, to feel, that all around is love.

Though broken be the lute, the magic skill
Of the musician lives within him still.
Shall not that efflux bright from Heaven, the
mind,
Survive the ruins of its "corporal rind" ?
Crown'd with surpassing beauty far and wide
Then range, and Time's decaying touch deride.

Drawing by turns into itself whate'er
It sees around that's wonderful or fair? 410
Collecting knowledge infinite each hour,
As the Bee gathers sweets from every flower.
Beings we partially imagine now,
Gay creatures of our day-dreams, then will glow
Star-like in lustre, beauteous as that morn,
When above Eden's mount the Day-God rose
new-born,
Will pass in waves of light the mind before
That *then* may dare their nature to explore :
Whatever be its element ; or flame,
Or finer essence that we cannot name. 420

NOTES.



NOTES ON THE FOURTH EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

(a) *Till in the sun her crisped smiles she wreathes.*

That o'er the interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles.

*Potter's translation of the Prometheus Vincit
of Æschylus.*

Non avea pur Natura ivi dipinto,
Ma di soavità di mille odori
Vi facea un incognito indistinto.—*Dante.*

(b) *A ballet at the Opera it seems.*

There is nothing certainly in the artificial world more attractive than an Opera ballet, where for a time you seem to be transported among "*amoretti alati*," scenes worthy

of Paradise, roseate clouds and “gay creatures of the element.”

Quæ nec mortales dignantur visere cœtus,
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

Thus Venus look'd, when from the waveless sea
She rose ; (her rising Nature smiled to see,)
Loosely enrobed, and brighter than the morn
On car of young Hyperion upborn ;
Fresh as the rose, her limbs impearl'd with spray,
In floating shell the Queen of Rapture lay ;
Admiring Mermaids throng'd to grace her train,
The Syrens sang, and Nereids skimm'd the main.

MS.

(c) *Though timid cocknies scorn, a nerveless race.*

In spite of the ridicule of Fielding and other writers, I will venture to say, that those only depreciate the pleasures of the chase who know not how to enjoy them : the songs of Tyrtæus, who, roused his countrymen to battle, and infused into them an unconquerable courage, are not more spirit-stirring than the verses on the Epwell hunt.—*Vol. 3, page 457, Daniel's Rural Sports, 4to edition*

Even the greatest philosophers have enjoyed, and the greatest poets have extolled, the pleasures of the chase.

Diogenes Laertius describes Xenophon as fond of the sports of the field. Virgil's fine lines in the third book of his *Georgics* are well known,

Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas ;
Sæpe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos
Ingenti clamore premes ad retia cervos.

And Dryden in his letter to his Cousin, with more poetical animation, perhaps, than knowledge of sporting, says,

With crowds attended of your ancient race
You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chase ;
With well breathed beagles you surround the wood,
Even then industrious of the common good ;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;
Chased even amid the folds, and made to bleed
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.

Sir Francis Burdett, perhaps the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, is not the worse orator for being "a good Meltonian."

(^d) *Some book it matters not in prose or rhyme.*

In a "priced Roxburghe catalogue," are the following books or tracts,

No. 3268. The Passetyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys. 4to. very rare. London, Wynken de Worde, 1517. £81.

No. 3284. The Castell of Pleasure. 4to. very scarce. Wynken de Worde. £64.

What earthly *pleasure* these "Castells and Passetymes" give to the possessor, it is not perhaps very easy to determine; but, as the noble author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" justly observes,

"A book's a book although there's nothing in't."



(^e) Political economy is a study as yet in its infancy; and so it will continue to be, as long as men are not agreed about the precise terms by which they would convey their ideas on this most interesting subject.

Is value absolute or relative? Are values of commodities to each other as values of their labours? Is labour or money the most accurate measure of value? Can there be such a thing as an invariable measure of value?

The disciples of Ricardo and Malthus differ upon points of essential importance. Are profits solely governed by the value of the last lands that are taken into cultivation? May not saving from revenue, to add to capital, be carried to too great an extent? Is it true that if one branch of trade be overstocked, some other must necessarily be understocked? Are a body of unproductive consumers necessary to stimulate demand and to encrease production?

(^f) *Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe?*

Aristophanes: see his "Vespæ" in which the courts of justice at Athens are severely satirized. But, after all, who would form his opinion of those courts from the lively, caustic representations of a satirical comic poet? As well might posterity form its opinion of a House of Commons in the reigns of Queen Anne, or the first George, from Swift's famous description of the "Legion Club."

Great praise is due to Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham (in the great work of reforming the law they may be classed together as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard,) for their exertions in endeavouring to remove the anomalies that are everywhere apparent in our civil as well as criminal code of jurisprudence.

“It is not possible, indeed, to estimate how valuable an offer he makes to society who gives it a single good law. There are but few words, perhaps, that compose it; but in those few words may be involved an amount of good, increasing progressively with each generation, which, if it could have been known in all its amplitude to the legislator at the time when he contrived his project, would have dazzled and overwhelmed his very power of thought. What is true of a new law, that relates to some positive institution, is, as may be supposed, equally true of those laws which merely repeal and remedy the past; since a single error in policy may, in long continuance, produce as much evil, as a single wise enactment may in its long continuance, produce good.”
—*Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. 4. page 354.

(g) The disposition of the people in former days to attribute any new discovery to magic, is apparent in the following anecdote of Otto Gurike, (who lived about the year 1640,) a wealthy magistrate of Magdeburgh, the discoverer of the air-pump.

Gurike took great pleasure in a huge water barometer erected in his house. It consisted of a tube above thirty feet high, rising along the wall and terminated by a tall and rather wide tube, hermetically sealed, containing a toy of

the shape of a man. The whole being filled with water and set in a balance on the ground, the column of liquor settled to the proper altitude, and left the toy floating on its surface ; but all the lower part of the tube being concealed under the wainscoating, the little image or weather mannikin, as he was called, made its appearance only when raised up to view in fine weather. This whimsical contrivance, which received the name of amenscope, or *semper vivum*, excited among the populace vast admiration : and the worthy magistrate was in consequence shrewdly suspected of being too familiar with the powers of darkness.—*Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica, art. Barometer.*

(^h) *Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to call.*

He unites in his existence the utmost elevation and the utmost depth ; and the most foreign and even apparently irreconcilable properties, subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.—*Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii.*

(i) Byron.

(k) *Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote.*

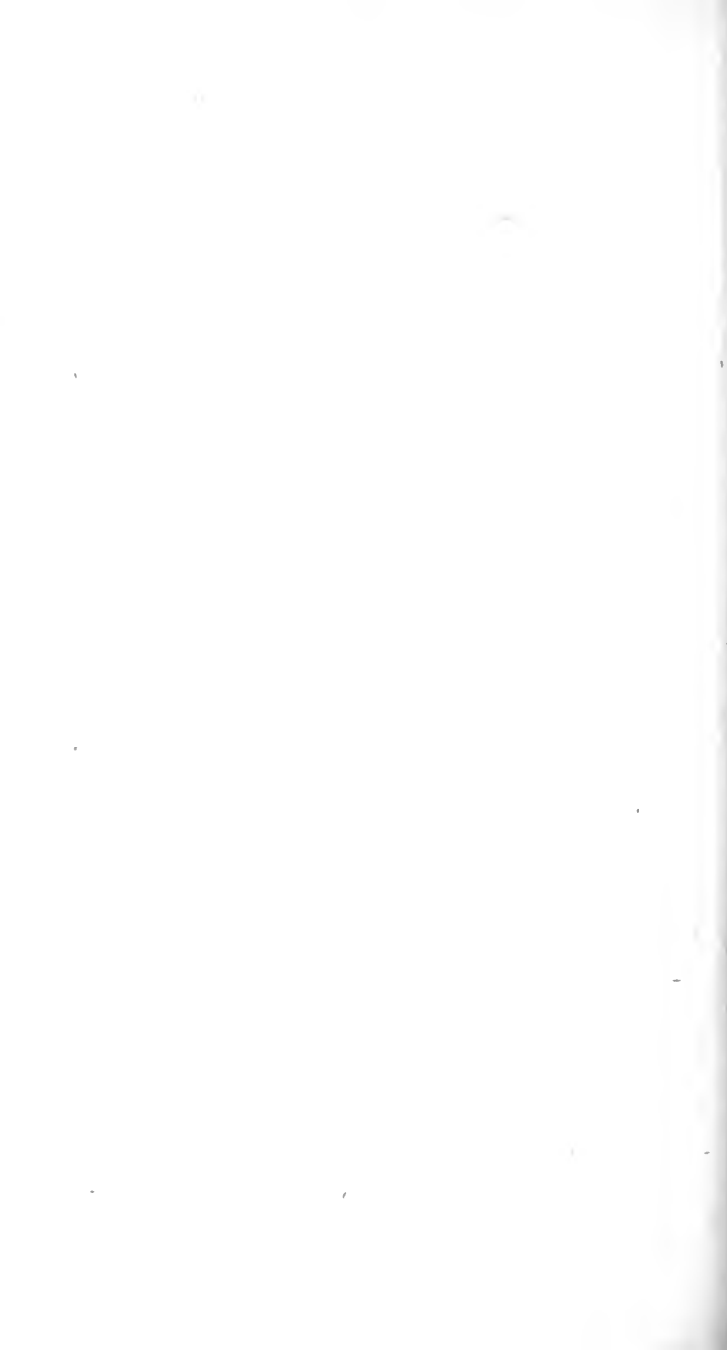
How beautiful and unaffected are the following lines in the Epistle addressed by Pope to the Earl of Oxford.

“ And sure if aught below the seats divine,
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a soul like thine.
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

And yet there are writers who have asserted that Pope was no Poet, that he was a mere versifier, and deficient in natural feeling !

(l) Burke

POEMS.



RECOLLECTIONS AT —

WRITTEN IN OCT. 1826.

Wild flowers, that fancy o'er our path has
strown,

So gay in youth, maturer years embrown;
Nature's high instinct, like the vernal gales,
In childhood fresh'ning o'er the heart, prevails!
Shadows of beauty then around us come
Like trails of glory from the soul's first home,

Embellishing existence—they are gone,
Gone like the light that yesterday hath shone.

Yet forms that are, most beautiful remain,
'They do not woo the poet's love in vain :
While his fine genius gives to all he sees
Their natural colours, they must ever please !
His thought-embodiment mind can well express
Sensations others do not feel the less.

With variegated hues adorn'd, below
A mellow autumn's sun, the woodlands glow ;
All is unbreathing silence, not a rush
Stirs, not a sound breaks through the noon-
day hush.

Years have elapsed, but what are years, since
they,

Whom I remember here, have past away !

Like to a sun-burst gathering clouds among,

Probus shone forth above the worldly throng

That walk in darkness, warming all who came

Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame. (a)

He drew towards God, with sweet attractive
force,

Those who deflected from the proper course.

Though mild to others to himself severe,

He ne'er relax'd, content that Heaven was
near :

Religion early on his heart engrayed

The maxim, be thou watchful to be saved.

His mind, within its tenement of dust,
Rose unassailable by passion's gust :
The pyramid, thus heavenward pointing, stands
Above the desert's ever-whirling sands.

Habitual piety had given a tone
Of feeling to him, that seem'd his alone ;
The calm intensity of which, unquell'd
By tumults of the world, each act impell'd.
He has received the meed of faith, and now
The cross shines forth triumphant on his brow.

He too, who while on earth could nothing
find
To satisfy the longings of his mind,

So ill by grosser spirits understood,
Realizes now his dream of perfect good.

That dream, a light prophetic as he mused,
Gradual his mind's horizon circumfused;
Promise through intervening mists of sense,
Of knowledge infinite, of love intense:
Love, as truth opes the everlasting doors
Of Heaven for the beloved of God, outpours
Through depths of space, from suns-embracing
zones,
Harmonious joy in fragrance-breathing tones.

The light-encircled spirits seem to move
As visitants from Heaven through yonder grove;

Though the world's follies be by them forgot,
Yet they might wish to consecrate the spot,
With their occasional presence, that on earth
They loved, where ripen'd first for Heaven
their worth ;

There, there to flourish in its proper soil,
Not asking, to support it, further toil.
Virtue is there identified with Being,
Splendours we vaguely guess at ever seeing ;
Splendours ineffable, that Milton's pen
Scarce shadowed out, above our mental ken.—
Now they commingle with that holy race,
Whom powers that emanate from God embrace !

Measureless knowledge — man here *vainly*
craves—

Now circumscribes them, as the sea its waves:
Not flashing forth and vanishing by turns,
Devotion's steady flame above them burns;
And happiness, that through this vale of tears
Scarce smiles on man, to them how bright
appears !



NOTE ON RECOLLECTIONS AT —

(a) *Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.*

Many a time God is present in the still voice and private retirement of a quiet religion; and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the strong fires of more laborious and expensive actions are profitable to others; like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquours for others, not for its own use.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ADDRESS TO MY CIGAR,

WRITTEN UNDER ITS OPERATIVE INFLUENCE.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

Cigar, thou comfort of my life,
With joy I taste thy fragrant leaf;
It soothes me when my heart's at strife
With the world's cares; it gives relief
When at an Inn in lonely hour
Blue Devils rush before my sight:
Its sweet intoxicating power
Turns Devils into Angels bright:

The cold that chills my feeble frame,
As damps arise, it soon dispels;
In thee composure, or what name
Does better suit the feeling, dwells.
A self-complacency that creeps
O'er all the senses, thou alone
Canst give; then every passion sleeps,
And thought assumes a milder tone.
At every whiff, a gentle heat
Like that of Love within me glows:
Through thee my friends are doubly sweet
To me, I almost love my foes.—
If such thy virtues be, Cigar;
When other consolations fail,

If thou canst drive from man afar,

Those sorrows that his heart assail;

If thou canst make the world appear

As in a Glass of Claude Lorrain

Of loveliest hues—why then, 'tis clear

Thou better art than Wright's Champagne!

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

Saw you the Wood-Nymph pass this way,
As light in her step as a spirit of air
With cheeks all glowing, with look so gay,
While the breeze plays with her beautiful
hair.

Nature alone can give the grace
That tempers vivacity in her fair form;
Like Dian she moves, but her lovely face
With rose-hues Dione might envy is warm.

She bounded along like the gentle fawn

Through the glade, then rapidly glided away.

Thus vanish the fairies at break of dawn,

When their revels have ended beneath the
moon's ray.

WRITTEN ON A FINE MORNING.

Another morn will rise

With splendour on its wings,

But this forever flies

Away while beauty flings

A thousand colours o'er

The earth, *they* reappear :

Yet thou wilt never more

Our hearts exulting cheer

Sweet morn, on balmy gales

Where dost thou speed thy flight,

To worlds where Love prevails

And wantons with Delight ;

Where ever blooming youth,

With Pleasure at his side,

And Innocence and Truth

In golden courts abide.

Then gentle morn awhile

Thy odours let me breathe :

Heaven seems above to smile,

'Tis Paradise beneath.

Flowers freshly gemm'd with dew

In tears entreat thy stay ;

And birds of every hue

Sing "Why so soon away."

The massy woods whose deep

Green is illum'd with gold ;

Would fain the colours keep

Thy radiance doth unfold.

Thy rose-hues lovely morn

Yet linger on the lake,

Then why as soon as born

Wilt thou the world forsake.

BELIEVE ME SHE IS TRUE INDEED.

Believe me she is true indeed ;

Whatever you surmise

Impartial be, and you may read

Her faith in her bright eyes.

Beaming with candor, every look

Gives evidence of Love ;

Oh do not then of Nature's book

The language disapprove.

Her smiles most eloquently speak
The self-approving glow
Of conscience, roses on her cheek
The health of virtue shew.

Hypocrisy could never give
To woman such a grace ;
As seems, a sign from Heaven, to live
In her angelic face.

Believe me she is true indeed ;
Whatever you surmise
Impartial be, and you may read
Her faith in her bright eyes.

VERSES ON HAWTHORNDEN.

Who can describe thy charms sweet Hawthornden,

Fit residence of poetry and love ?

What fair variety is here ; the glen, [above,

Rocks cloth'd with oak and beech that rise

The Esk's impetuous stream below, the ken

Of thy romantic mansion, as we rove,

Thy winding walks among ! ah, where s the

pen

[cove ?

Of thine own bard, to paint wood, rock, and

NOTE.

Hawthornden, once the abode of the Poet Drummond, is placed on a high rock or precipice, overlooking the river Esk, that runs rapidly below : the rocky sides of the glen, as you approach this delightful retreat, are covered with oak and birch that spring up from every crevice.* There are several caves in the rocks, in one of which, it is said that, the patriot Wallace was concealed for two days.

* "How fresh an' fair o' varied hue,
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Bucclaugh!
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;
An' Mavisbank sae rural gay,
Looks bonnie down the woodland brae;
But doubly fair ilk darling scene,
That screens the bowers of Hawthorn-dean."—*Gall.*

PERFECTIBILITY.

The age of Sophists, Economists, and Calculators
has succeeded. BURKE.

While Institutions thrive; and Boys are
made

Philosophers by adventitious aid;

Some seers predict, their prescience not divine,
That in this world far greater lights will
shine.

Then through the night of ages will the star
Of Shakspeare seem a luminous point afar;

That Governments more perfect will be wrought
By an improved machinery of thought !

Power yet evades, with cunning for a guide,
Deep plans by knowledge framed to curb his
pride.

Awhile he may recede ; but reappears,
As superstition vile her flag uprears :
Then (let the theorist of his race be proud,)
Around her troop the pomp-adoring crowd :
The despot slily fastens on their necks
His chain, adieu to legislative checks.

Is an Utopian commonwealth the sole
Object of thought, *that* only reason's goal?

And has the world unknown no higher bliss
Then that which sanguine minds predict in
this ?

But now devotion, fond enthusiasts say,
Diffuses all around a brighter day.
Seeming Religion walks not in this age
With noiseless step, like Heralds on a stage
Zealots blow loud the woe-trumpet, then urge
Denunciations, rising surge o'er surge,
Against their weaker brethren, through the town
They gain—but where's their charity—renown.

Where is the zeal for virtue that entire
Circled the soul—an unconsuming fire,

That strength of purpose, which, as Jesus still'd
The raging sea, the calm of passions will'd?

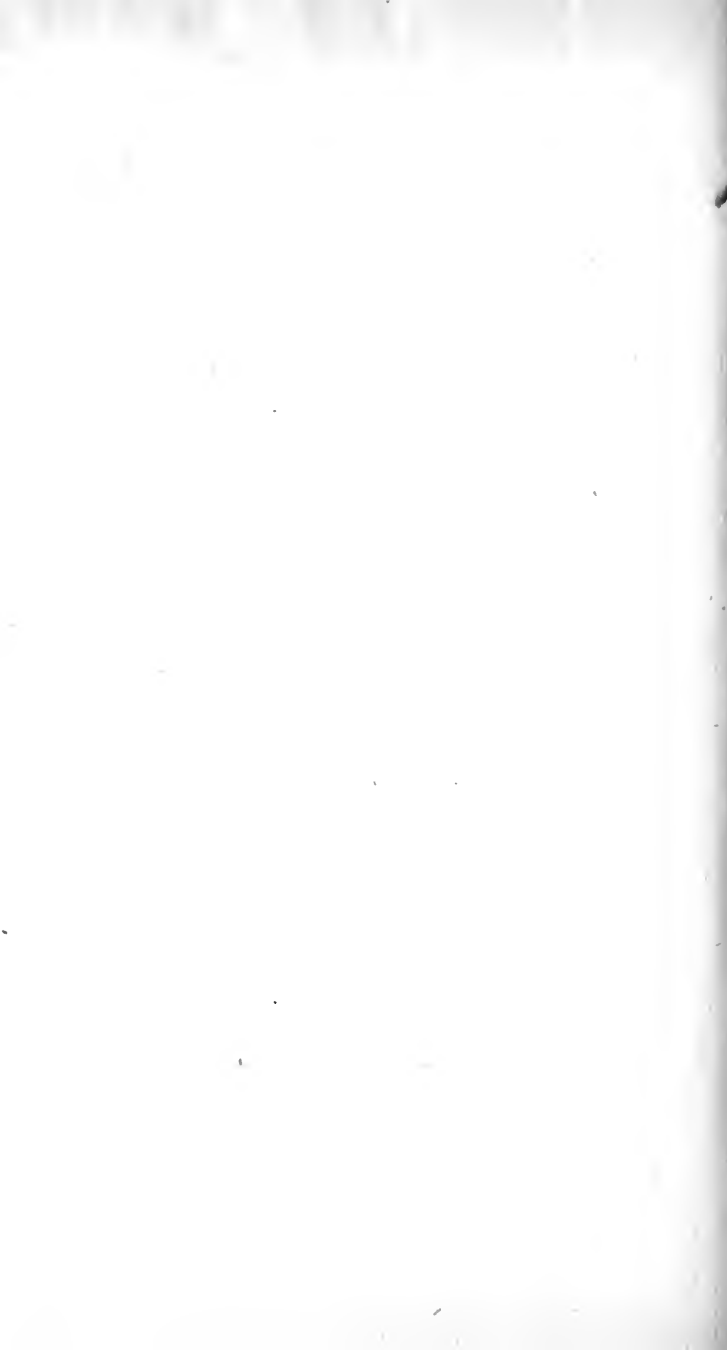
Who like the poet-Preacher* glows with love
Inbreathed by the Great Spirit from above,
Who once on sacred heads in tongues of flame,
Down from the triune Sun of Glory came;
Illumining with inward light, exprest
Thus visibly, the synod of the blest.

* Jeremy Taylor.

JAN. 30, 1830.

A LIBERAL MAN.

The generous Man—he whom the world
commends,
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends
And yet this hospitable reveller lives
For self, for self alone his banquet gives.
Hates a poor relative, and if he err
Will paint in darkest hues his character.
And chuckling, say within himself, “the worse
His fame may be, the safer is my purse.”



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